

1935—

= Meditations =

CJCA
EDMONTON

Rest Awhile

*From the coming and going
From the human flood-tide flowing
In the markets, in the highways
In the avenues and byways
Ere the world your soul defile
Come apart and rest awhile.*

*From the scenes that are deceiving
From the foolishness and grieving
From all envying and hating
Friends and neighbors alienating
Ere the world your soul defile
Come apart and rest awhile.*







... Meditations ...



WILLIAM CRANSTON

ROY H. WRIGHT

Morning Meditations

A half hour program of organ melodies and verse presented for your restful enjoyment is fast nearing it's first birthday. To you, our radio audience, we extend our sincere thanks for the gracious and encouraging manner you have received our efforts. . . . In compiling this little booklet of poems used on this program, we have included those which have proven the most popular.

Sincerely,

Roy H. Wright

William Cranston

IT'S A GAY OLD WORLD

It's a gay old world when you're gay,
And a glad old world when you're glad;
But whether you play
Or go toiling away
It's a sad old world when you're sad.

It's a grand old world if you're great,
And a mean old world if you're small;
It's a world full of hate
For the foolish who prate
Of the uselessness of it all.

It's a beautiful world to see
Or it's a dismal in every zone;
The thing it must be
In its gloom or its glee
Depends on yourself alone.

—Anonymous.

BIDE A WEE, AND DINNA FRET

Is the road very dreary?
Patience yet!
Rest will be sweeter if thou art aweary,
And after the night cometh the morning cheery;
Then bide a wee, and dinna fret.

The clouds have a silver lining,
Don't forget;
And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining.
Courage! instead of tears in vain repining,
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

With toil and cares unending
Art beset?
Bethink thee how the storms from heaven descending
Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow bending,
And bide a wee, and dinna fret.

Grief sharper sting doth borrow
From regret:
But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow
Unfit us for the present and tomorrow?
Nay; bide a wee, and dinna fret.

An over-anxious brooding
Doth beget
A host of fears and fantasies deluding;
Then, brother, lest the torments be intruding,
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

—Anonymous.

THE FUTURE

'Tis well that the future is hid from our sight,
That we walk in the sunshine, nor dream of the cloud,
We cherish a flower, think not of the blight,
And dream of the loom that may weave us a shroud.

It was good, it was kind in the Wise One above
To fling Destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,
So we see not the blow that shall strike at our love,
And expect not the beam that shall dry up our tears.

Though the cloud may be dark, there is sunshine beyond it,
Though the night may be long, yet the morning is near;
Though the vale may be deep, there is music around it,
And hope 'mid our sorrow, bright hope is still near.

—Anonymous.

BY JES' LAUGHIN'

It's curious what a sight o' good a little thing will do;
How you can stop the fiercest storm when it begins to brew,
An' take the sting from whut commenced to rankle when 'twus spoke,
By keepin' still an' treatin' it as if it was a joke.

Ye'll find that we kin fill a place with smiles instead o' tears,
An' keep the sunshine gleamin' through the shadows of the years
By jes' laughin'.

Folks sometimes fail to note the possibilities that lie
In the way yer mouth is curvin' an' the twinkle in yer eye;

It ain't so much whut's said that hurts ez whut ye think lies hid;
It ain't so much the doin' ez the way the thing is did.
An' many a home's kep' happy an' contented day by day,
An' lik eez not a kingdom hez been rescued from decay
By jes' laughin'.

—Anonymous.



Every kindly word and feeling, every good deed and thought,
every noble action and impulse is like the ark-sent dove, and returns
from the troubled waters of life, bearing a green olive branch to
the soul.

BETTER TO CLIMB THAN FALL

Give me a man with an aim,
Whatever that aim may be,
Whether it's wealth, or whether it's fame,
It matter not to me.
Let him walk in the path of right,
And keep his aim in sight,
And work and pray in faith alway,
With his eye on the glittering height.

Give me a man who says,
"I will do something well,
And make the fleeting days
A story of labor tell."
Though the aim he has be small,
It is better than none at all;
With something to do the whole year through
He will not stumble or fall.

Give me a man whose heart
Is filled with ambition's fire;
Who sets his mark in the start,
And keeps moving it higher and higher.
Better to die in the strife,
The hands with labor rife
Than to glide with the stream in an idle dream,
And lead a purposeless life.

Better to strive and climb
And never reach the goal
Than to drift along with time
An aimless, worthless soul.
Aye, better to climb and fall,
Or sow, though the yield be small,
Than to throw away, day after day,
And never to strive at all.

—Anonymous.

My grandpa notes the world's worn cogs,
And says we're going to the dogs.

His grand-dad in his house of logs
Swore things were going to the dogs.

His dad among the Flemish bogs,
Vowed things were going to the dogs,

The caveman in his queer skin togs
Said things were going to the dogs,

But this is what I wish to state—
The dogs have had an awful wait.

—Anonymous.

THE LITTLE CHURCH

The little church of Long Ago, where as a boy I sat
With mother in the family pew, and fumbled with my hat—
How I would like to see it now the way I saw it then,
The straight-backed pews, the pulpit high, the women and the men
Dressed stiffly in their Sunday clothes and solemnly devout,
Who closed their eyes when prayers were said and never looked
about—

That little church of Long Ago, it wasn't grand to see,
But even as a little boy, it meant a lot to me.

The choir loft where father sang comes back to me again;
I hear his tenor voice once more the way I heard it when
The deacons used to pass the plate, and once again I see
The people fumbling for their coins, as glad as they could be
To drop their quarters on the plate, and I'm a boy once more
With my two pennies in my fist that mother gave before
We left the house, and once again I'm reaching out to try
To drop them on the plate before the deacon passes by.

It seems to me I'm sitting in that high-backed pew, the while
The minister is preaching in that good old-fashioned style;
And though I couldn't understand it all somehow I know
The Bible was the text book in that church of Long Ago;
He didn't preach on politics, but used the word of God,
And even now I seem to see the people gravely nod,
As though agreeing thoroughly with all he had to say,
And then I see them thanking him before they go away.

The little church of Long Ago was not a structure huge,
It had no hired singers or no other subterfuge
To get the people to attend, 'twas just a simple place
Where every Sunday we were told about God's saving grace;
No men of wealth were gathered there to help it with a gift;
The only worldly thing it had—a mortgage hard to lift.
And somehow, dreaming here today, I wish that I could know
The joy of once more sitting in that church of Long Ago.

GOOD BYE

(Said to have been written by Ah Foo Lin, a Chinese student,
in a friend's album.)

There is a word, of grief the sounding token;
There is a word bejeweled with bright tears,
The saddest word fond lips have ever spoken;
A little word that breaks the chain of years;
Its utterance must ever bring emotion,
The memories it crystals cannot die,
'Tis known in every land, on every ocean—
'Tis called "Good-bye."

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN

There was a little woman whose hands were worn and red,
And long ago the beauty of her youthful days had fled,
For she had suffered sorrow, and she had suffered pain,
But after these had left her, she had learned to smile again,
And out she'd come with cookies for the children on the street,
Till it seemed where'er she wandered there were young ones round
her feet.

She hadn't any money; she was never gayly dressed;
She had a shawl and bonnet which she called her Sunday best.
And if you gave her something, in a little while you'd see
Some other person strutting in that bit of finery,
And she'd give this explanation if you asked the reason why:
"I thought she ought to have it. She's so much worse off than I."

No one ever seemed to notice that her hands were coarse and red;
That she wasn't good to look at no one ever heard it said,
And the smartest of her neighbors, who appeared to know it all,
Never spoke a word in censure of her bonnet or her shawl,
So I take this truth for granted: that a sweet and tender smile
And a heart so brave and kindly never do go out of style.

DAY DREAMS

Last night they fluttered by me, as I sat in the gathering gloom;
With golden thread I was weaving a song in a silver loom.
A-weaving the ghost of an echo of a rare and lovely strain,
As glad as a child's soft laughter; as sad as a cry of pain.

They followed my gorgeous fancy—my bark that idly goes
From a land that no man seeth to a land that no man knows.
My busy fingers faltered, as they hovered above my head,
And the wheel of my loom did slacken, I had broken my golden thread.

Then my soul leaped up to hold them—my dreams so wild and sweet,
And the golden song unraveled, and the thread lay at my feet,
Each day I strive to weave it—this song that my soul would sing,
But I break my loom, and tangle my thread, and the torsions cling.

If they would but stay and teach me—if my dreams I could only hold,
I would weave in my loom of silver a beautiful song of gold.
But I strive in vain. They follow where the bark of my Fancy goes,
From a land that no man seeth to a land that no man knows.

—Anna Tozier.

*If laughin's a sin, I don't see why the
Lord lets so many funny things happen.*

JEST A-WEARYIN' FOR YOU

Jest a-wearyin' fer you—
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' fer you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home again;
Restless—don't know what to do—
Jest a-wearyin' fer you.

Keep a-mopin' day by day;
Dull—in everybody's way;
Folks they smile an' pass along
Wonderin' what on earth is wrong;
'Twouldn't help 'em if they knew—
Jest a-wearyin' fer you.

Room's so lonesome, with your chair
Empty by the fireplace there,
Jest can't stand the sight o' it.
Go outdoors an' roam a bit;
But the woods is lonesome, too,
Jest a-wearyin' fer you.

Comes the wind with sounds that's jes'
Like the rustlin' o' your dress;
An' the dew on flower an' tree
Tinkles like your step to me.
Violets, like your eyes so blue—
Jest a-wearyin' fer you.

Mornin' comes, the birds awake
(Them that sung so fer your sake).
But there's sadness in the notes
That come trillin' from their throats.
Seem to feel your absence, too—
Jest a-wearyin' fer you.

Evenin' comes: I miss you more
When the dark glooms in the door;
'Pears jest like you orter be
There to open it fer me.
Latch goes tinklin'—thrills me through,
Sets me wearyin' fer you.

Jest a-wearyin' fer you—
All the time a-feelin' blue.
Wishin' fer you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home again;
Restless—don't know what to do—
Jest a-wearyin' fer you.

—Frank L. Stanton.

DAD

Dad never had much to say;
Jogged along in his quiet way
Contentedly smoking his old dudeen
As he turned the soil to the golden sheen.
Used to say as he slapped the mare,
One horny hand in his tangled hair,
"Rest is joy when your work's well done,
So pitch in, son."

Sometimes he an' I'd not hitch;
Couldn't agree as to which was which.
Fought it out on the same old lines
As we grubbed and hoed 'mong the runnin' vines;
And his eyes would light with a gentle quiz,
And he'd say in that old soft way of his,
As he idly stroked his wrinkled chin,
"All right, son, you win."

Dad was never no hand to fuss;
Used to hurt him to hear us cuss;
Kind o' settled in his old ways,
Born an' raised in the good old days
When a tattered coat hid a kindly heart,
An' the farm was home, not a toilin' mart,
An' a man was judged by his inward self;
Not his worldly pelf.

Seems like 'twas yesterday we sat
On the old back porch for a farewell chat
Ere I changed the farm and the simple life
For the city's roar an' bustle an' strife.
While I gaily talked of the city's charm
His eyes looked out o'er the fertile farm
An' he said as he rubbed where the hair was thin,
"All right, son, you win."

'Member the night I trudged back home,
Sinkin' deep in the fresh turned loam;
Sick an' sore for the dear old place,
Hungerin' most for a loved old face.
When I had climbed the hilltop o'er,
There stood dad in the kitchen door,
An' he says in a voice from deep within,
"Hello, son, come in."

One winter's day, the first of snow,
He went the way that we all must go;
An' his spirit soared to the realms above
On the wings of a simple-hearted love.
An' I know that when I cross the bar
I'll find him there by the gates ajar,
An' he'll say, as he idly strokes his chin,
"Hello, son, come in."

—William Edward Ross.

THEY TWO

They are left alone in the dear old home,
After so many years,
When the house was full of frolic and fun,
Of childish laughter and tears,
They are left alone, they two—once more
Beginning life over again,
Just as they did in the days of yore,
Before they were nine or ten——.

And the table is set for two these days:
The children went one by one,
Away from home on their separate ways
When the childhood days were done,
How healthily hungry they used to be;
What romping they used to do;
And mother—for weeping—can hardly see
To set the table for two.

They used to gather around the fire,
While someone would read aloud,
But whether at study or work or play
'Twas a loving and merry crowd,
And now they are two that gather there
At evening to read or sew,
And it seems almost too much to bear
When they think of the long ago.

Ah, well—ah, well, 'tis the way of the world;
Children stay but a little while
And then into other scenes are whirled,
Where other homes beguile;
But it matters not how far they roam
Their hearts are fond and true,
And there's never a home like the dear old home
Where the table is set for two.

—A.E.K.

A HAPPY DAY

A heart full of thankfulness,
A thimbleful of care;
A soul of simple hopefulness,
An early morning prayer.

A smile to greet the morning with;
A kind word as the key
To open the door and greet the day,
Whate'er it brings to thee.

A patient trust in Providence,
To sweeten all the way,
All these, combined with thoughtfulness,
Will make a happy day.

—Anonymous.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell
A jelly-fish and a saurian
And caves where the cavemen dwell—
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon
The infinite tender sky,
The ripe rich tint on cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high—
And all over upland and lowland,
The charm of the goldenrod—
Some call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some call it longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A Mother starved for her brood—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the road;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod—
Some call it consecration,
And others call it God.

—W. H. Carruth.

"TODAY"

Today may hold a smile, a tear—
A sip of joy, or sorrow,
May find life's endless byways
Good—or bad;
Yet burdens that we bear today
Perhaps upon the morrow,
Make us just a little gladder
When we're glad.
For the joy that's always sweetest
Follows in the wake of strife;
The sunshine's always brighter after rain;
And no heart has pulsed with gladness
Truly sensed the thrill of life,
'Til first, it knows the fevered throb of pain.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

The woman was old, and ragged and gray
And bent with the chill of the winter day:
The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow:

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared-for, amid the throng
Of human beings that passed her by.
Not heeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laugh and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Finding the snow piled white and deep.

Past the old woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offering a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street;
At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and without hurt or harm

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong,
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor, and slow,
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand,
To help my mother, you understand.

"If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And somebody's mother bowed her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God be kind to that noble boy
Who was somebody's son, and pride, and joy."

Drop a word of cheer and kindness,
Just a flash and it is gone;
But there's a half a hundred ripples
Circling on and on and on.

LEFT ALONE

It's the lonesomest house you ever saw,
This big gray house where I stay;
I don't call it livin' at all, at all
Since my mother went away.

Four long weeks ago, an' it seems a year,
"Gone home," so the preacher said,
An' I ache in my breast with wantin' her
An' my eyes are always red.

I stay out of doors till I'm almost froze,
'cause every corner and room
Seems empty enough to frighten a boy
And filled to the doors with gloom.

I hate them to call me in to meals,
Sometimes I think I can't bear
To swallow a mouthful of anything,
And see her not sittin' up there.

A-pourin' the tea an' passin' the things,
An' laughin' to see me take
Two big lumps of sugar instead of one,
An' more than my share of cake.

"I'm too big to be kissed," I used to say
But somehow I don't feel right
Crawlin' into bed as still as a mouse.
Nobody saying "Goodnight."

An' tuckin' the clothes up under my chin,
An' pushin' my hair back so—
Things a boy makes fun of before his chums,
But things that he likes, you know.

There's no one to go to when things go wrong,
She was always so safe and sure,
Why, not a trouble could tackle a boy
That she couldn't up and cure.

There are lots of women, it seems to me,
That wouldn't be missed so much—
Women whose boys are about all grown up,
An' old maid aunties, and such.

I can't make out for the life of me
Why she should have to go,
An' her boy left here in this old gray house,
A-needin' and wantin' her so.

I tell you, the very lonesomest thing
In this great big world today
Is a boy of ten whose heart is broke
'Cause his mother is gone away.

—Toronto Globe.

THE TOUCH OF THE MASTER HAND

'Twas battered, scarred, and the auctioneer,
Thought it scarcely worth his while,
To waste his time on the old violin,
But held it up with a smile;
"What am I bidden, good people," he cried,
"Who'll start the bidding for me?
A dollar, a dollar; now two, only two;
Two dollars and who'll make it three?
Three dollars once, three dollars twice;
Going for three?" But no,
From the room far back a gray haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow
Then wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening up the strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet,
As sweet as an angel sings;
The music ceased and the auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said "What am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.
A thousand dollars and who'll make it two;
Two thousand, and who'll make it three?
Three thousand once, three thousand twice;
And going and gone," said he.
The people cheered but some of them cried:
"We don't quite understand,
What changed its worth?" Swift came the reply,
"The Touch of a Master Hand."
And many humans with life out of tune,
And battered and torn with sin,
Are auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd,
Much like the old violin.
A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,
A game, and he travels on;
He is going once, and going twice;
He's going and almost gone,
But the Master comes and the foolish crowd,
Never can quite understand;
The worth of a soul, and the change that's wrought,
By the touch of the Master's Hand.

CHEER UP

I'll sing you a lay ere I wing my way—
Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!

Whenever you're blue, find something to do
For somebody else who is sadder than you—
Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!

—Anonymous.

THE RECIPE FOR SUCCESS

It's doing your job the best you can,
And being just to your fellow man;
It's making money, but holding friends,
And staying true to your aims and ends;
It's figuring how and learning why,
And looking forward and thinking high,
And dreaming a little and doing much.
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed;
It's being thorough, yet making speed,
It's daring blithely the field of chance
While making labour a brave romance.

It's going onward despite defeat,
And fighting, staunchly, but keeping sweet;
It's being clean and it's playing fair;
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair;
It's looking up at the stars above,
And drinking deeply of life and love;
It's struggling on with the will to win,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin;
It's sharing sorrow, and work, and mirth,
And making better the good old earth;
It's serving, striving through strain and stress,
It's doing your noblest—that's Success!

AN ANCIENT TOAST

"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep-graven on a grateful heart,
Till memory is dead;

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions shall have passed,
So holy 'tis, and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you!"

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fiery, flashing eye;
And Stanley said, "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that name the reverence due,
And gently said—"My mother!"

IF I KNEW

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and sea broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From the nursery, school and street;
Then, holding and folding I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
Into the depths of the sea.

—Anonymous.

ENGLAND IN SPRING

Have you ever been in England when the beautiful spring was there;
Have you ever seen the ice-bound brooks run free,
When the little birds are twitt'ring and are building everywhere
And a different shade of green on every tree?
Have you seen the showers of blossoms fall like snow with every breeze;
Ah methinks I scent the fragrance now so sweet.
Have you seen the snow-drops peeping from their shelter 'neath the
trees,
And the Crocus blooming bravely at your feet?
Have you ever longed for England when you knew that spring was
there,
When you knew the birds were singing and the wild-flowers were
everywhere?

—Grace Fisher Pemberton,
Fall River, Mass.

BONNIE ENGLAND

(The Answer)

O yes, I've been in England both in summer and in spring,
I have seen the roses blooming and I've heard the cuckoo sing;
Oft I wandered in my childhood to a green and shady dell,
Where blooms the English primrose, and the little sweet bluebell,
I've strolled along the country lanes, perfumed with sweet hawthorne,
And in the summer evening through the fields of waving corn,
In dreams I see a cottage and its garden, oh so sweet;
Again I hear the village bells (how sweetly they did chime)
And I long for Bonnie England, both in spring and summer time.

—Louise MacDonald,
Fall River, Mass

LIFE'S SHOP

Life keeps a shop, a strange, old shop.
And many things he'll sell;
Riches and joy, and luck and gain,
With tears and sighs as well.

We all go bargain-hunting there,
And cannot let Time rest;
We all have much the same to spend—
We all demand the best.

Life keeps a shop and oh, I know,
When all is said and done,
Of all the real, true bargains he
Possesses only one;

'Tis in the reach of all of us,
And yet few of us find
Life's really worth-while bargain—
A calm, contented mind!

—Ursula Bloom.

BY AND BY

Was the parting very bitter?
Was the hand clasped very tight?
Is a storm of teardrops falling
From a face all sad and white?
Think not of it; in the future,
Calmer, fairer days are nigh—
Gaze not backward, but look onward
For a sunny "by and by."

Are the eyelids very heavy?
Does the tired head long for rest?
Are the temples hot and throbbing,
Are the hands together pressed?
Hope shall lay you on her bosom,
Cool the poor lips parched and dry,
And shall whisper, "Rest is coming—
Rest forever, 'by and by'."

And when calmed and cheered and freshened
By her soul-inspiring voice,
Then look up, the heavens are brightening—
Cease your wailing and rejoice.
Cry not for the days departed,
None will hear you, none reply;
But look up where light is breaking
O'er a brighter "by and by."

—Anonymous.

HIDE AND GO SEEK

It was an old, old, old lady—
And a boy who was half-past three—
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping
And the boy, no more could he—
For he was a thin little fellow
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple-tree—
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as 'twas told to me.

It was Hide-and-go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down—
On his one little sound right knee—
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses, One-Two-Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three!

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said, "You are warm and warmer,
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma,"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where he was hiding,
With a One, and Two and Three.

And they never had stirred from their places
Right under the maple-tree
This old, old, old, old lady—
And the boy with the lame little knee.
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

—H. C. Bunner, in Boston Transcript.

DON'T ENVY OTHER FOLKS

Don't think when you have troubles
That your neighbor goes scot-free
Because he shows a smiling front
And battles cheerfully.
No, man! He, too, has troubles,
But herein the difference lies,
While you go idly moping round,
The other fellow tries.

Don't envy other people;
Maybe, if the truth you knew,
You'd find their burdens heavier far
Than is the case with you.
Because a fellow, rain or shine,
Can show a smiling face,
Don't think you'd have an easier time
If you could take his place.

'Tis hope and cheery courage
That incite one to retrieve
One's past mistakes, to start afresh,
To dare and to achieve.
So smile, and if perchance you light
The spark of hope anew
In some poor sad and burdened heart,
All honor be to you.

—Anonymous.

A MAN FROM HOME

A man from home! How different is his face
From those that frown in this grim market-place
We call our world! How boundless is his cheer,
How warm his honest hand and how sincere
His greetings to us exiles cast to roam!
How good it is to meet a man from home.

In all this host, this endless human sea
That surges round about me angrily,
To think not one who passes on his way
Would know or care if we should die to-day!
Until we see, we catch the greeting of
A man from home! A messenger of love!

A voice we know! Though silent many a year
And nigh forgot, how good it is to hear
A word of those we knew so long ago
From one who knows as once we used to know!
It's joy to us exiles cast to roam,
And happiness. God bless the man from home!

—Anonymous.

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
that follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

NEW FRIENDS AND OLD FRIENDS

Make new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold;
New-made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.

Friendships that have stood the test —
Time and change — are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship never knows decay.

For 'mid old friends, tried and true,
Once more we our youth renew.
But old friends, alas! may die,
New friends must their place supply.

Cherish friendship in your breast,
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old.
Those are silver, these are gold.

—Anonymous.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship needs no studied phrases,
Polished face, or winning wiles,
Friendship deals no lavish praises,
Friendship dons no surface smiles.

Friendship follows Nature's diction,
Shuns the blandishments of Art,
Boldly severs truth from fiction,
Speaks the language of the heart.

Friendship favors no condition,
Scorns a narrow-minded creed,
Lovingly fulfils its mission,
Be it word or be it deed.

Friendship cheers the faint and weary,
Makes the timid spirit brave,
Warns the erring, lights the dreary,
Smooths the passage to the grave.

Friendship — pure, unselfish friendship,
All through life's allotted span,
Nurtures, strengthens, widens, lengthens
Man's affinity with man.

—Anonymous.

I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom
of my heart, then set on the lid and smile.

AROUND THE CORNER

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year is gone,
And I never see my old friend's face,
For life is a swift and terrible race.

He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell
And he rang mine. We were younger then;
And now we are busy, tired men—
Tired of playing a foolish game;
Tired with trying to make a name.

"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I'm thinking of him."
But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes;
And the distance between us grows and grows

Around the corner! Yet miles away!
"Here's a telegram, sir." "Jim died to-day!"
And that's what we get and deserve in the end—
Around the corner—a vanished friend.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

WHAT SORT ARE YOU?

What sort of a friend are you?
Just one of the fair-day kind—
A smile when the skies are blue—
Ahead when he falls behind?
Do you put yourself out at all?
Do you pass up a joy that's nigh
To answer a brother's call—
Or selfishly pass by?

Do you stick when his days are glum
As you did when his days were fair?
When he wishes that you would come,
Do you eagerly hurry there?
Or do you think of yourself
Each minute the whole day through—
Of comfort, of fame and pelf?
What sort of a friend are you?

—Anonymous.

Small skill is gained by those who cling to ease;
The able sailor hails from stormy seas.

—Anonymous.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN

Summer and winter are one to me,
And the day is bright, be it storm or shine,
For far away, o'er a sunny sea,
Sails a treasure vessel, and all is mine.
I see the ripples that fall away
As she cleaves the azure waves before;
And nearer, nearer, day by day,
Draws the happy hour when she comes to shore.

"But what if she never comes?" you say,
"If you never the honor, the treasure gain?"
It has made me happier, day by day,
It has eased full many an aching pain;
It has kept the spirit from envy free,
Has dulled the ear to the world's rude din,
Oh! best of blessing it's been to me,
To look for the hour when my ship comes in.
—Anonymous.

THE LAMP AND I SMOKED ON

I sat thinking last night of friendship,
That quality so rare in man;
That word oft used, more often abused,
By mankind through a whole life's span.
I dreamed of an ideal friendship,
Of a life growing sweet and calm,
When a man served friends, not selfish ends;
And the lamp and I smoked on.

I pictured my friend as I'd have him,
For whom I would lay down my life;
A steadfast friend on whom to depend
Through life's battle of storm and strife.
The friendship of which I was dreaming
Comes seldom, or soon is gone;
'Tis a greater rarity than Christian charity,
So the lamp and I smoked on.

Lamp and Pipe, shall we stop our smoking,
And give up the search in despair;
Or still look through the leaves of Life's book,
Till we find such a friend somewhere?
Shall we ever find one, I wonder?
A friend so sturdy and strong?
Yes, we may some day, we can dream away,
So the lamp and I smoked on.

—Anonymous.

FORTY YEARS AGO

I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree
Upon the schoolhouse playground
That sheltered you and me;
But none were there to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know
Who played with us upon the green
Just forty years ago.

The grass was just as green, Tom,
Barefooted boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay;
But the master sleeps upon the hill
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place
Some forty years ago.

The old schoolhouse is altered some,
The benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same
Our jack-knives had defaced.
But the same old bricks are in the wall
And the bell swings to and fro,
Its music's just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas forty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low; 'twas once so high
That we could scarcely reach;
And kneeling down to take a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To think how very much I've changed
Since forty years ago.

Near by that spring, upon an elm,
You know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,
And you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark,
'Twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as she died whose name you cut
There forty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom,
But tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well,
Those early broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard,
And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Just forty years ago.

Well, some are in the churchyard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea,
But none are left of our old class,
Excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we loved
Some forty years ago.

—Anonymous.

DARBY AND JOAN

Darby, dear, we are old and gray,
Fifty years since our wedding day,
Shadow and sun for every one,
As the years roll on;
Darby, dear, when the world went wry,
Hard and sorrowful then was I,—
Ah, lad, how you cheered me then.
“Things will be better, sweet wife, again!”
Always the same, Darby, my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan

Darby dear, but my heart was wild
When we buried our baby child,
Until you whispered, “Heaven knows best,”
And my heart found rest:
Darby dear, 'twas your loving hand
Showed the way to the better land—
Ah! lad, as you kissed each tear,
Life grew better and Heav'n more near;
Always the same, Darby, my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan

Hand in hand when our life was May,
Hand in hand when our hair is gray,
Shadow and sun for ev'ry one,
As the years roll on;
Hand in hand when the long night-tide
Gently covers us side by side—
Ah! lad, though we know not when,
Love will be with us forever then;
Always the same, Darby, my own,
Always the same to your old wife Joan

A LARGE EDITION

“May I print a kiss on your lips?” I asked;
She nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press, and I rather guess
We printed a large edition.

LET US SMILE

The thing that goes the farthest towards making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile,
The smile that bubbles from a heart that loves its fellow-men
Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again;
It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile;
It always has the same good look—it's never out of style—
It nerves us on to try again when failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you.
It pays a higher interest for it is merely lent—
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer
A hundred times before you can squeeze out a soggy tear.
It ripples out, moreover, to the heartstrings that will tug,
And always leaves an echo that is very like a hug.
So, smile away. Folks understand what by a smile is meant,
It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a cent.

—Anonymous.

BILL'S IN TROUBLE

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out west,
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast.
To think the boy whose future I had once so nicely planned,
Should wander from the path of right and come to such an end.
I tol' him when he left us, only three short years ago,
He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty crooked row.
He's missed his father's counsel and his mother's prayers, too
But he said the farm was hateful and he guessed he'd have to go.
I know there's big temptations for a youngster in the west,
But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist.
An' when he left I warned him of the ever waitin' snares
That lie like hidden serpents in life's pathway everywhere;
But Bill he promised faithful to be careful, an' allowed
That he would build up a reputation that would make us mighty proud.
But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind,
And now he's got in trouble of the very worstest kind.
His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed
That Billy was a trampin' on a mighty rocky road,
But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame,
And in the dust'd waller his old daddy's honored name.
He writes from out in Denver, and the story's mighty short;
I jest can't tell his mother—It'll crush her poor ol' heart.
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her—
Bill's in the Legislatur', but he doesn't say what fur.

—James Barton Adams.

SOMETHING MISSING

Like a house without a dooryard,
Like a yard without a flower;
Like a clock without the mainspring,
That will never tell the hour;
A thing that sort o' makes you feel
A hunger all the while—
Oh, the saddest thing that ever was
Is the face without a smile.

So smile, and don't forget to smile,
And smile, and smile ag'in;
'Twill loosen up the cords o' care,
And ease the weight of sin;
'Twill help you on the longest road
And cheer you mile by mile;
And so, whatever is your lot,
Jest smile, and smile, and smile.

—Anonymous.

IF WE KNEW

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses,
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain—
Casting o'er his life a shadow,
Leaving on his heart a stain.

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
' Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed seem whitest,
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love to erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, dear Father, judge us
As we judged our fellowmen.

Because you have occasional spells of despondency, don't despair.
The sun has a sinking spell every night but it rises again all right
the next morning.

THE SONGS THAT MOTHER SANG

Go, sing the songs you cherish well,
Each ode and simple lay;
Go, chord the notes till bosoms swell,
With strains that deftly play.
All, all are yours to sacred keep,
Your choicest treasures mong;
But give to me till memory sleeps,
The songs that mother sung.

When life's dark paeon's plaintive round
Falls 'cross the weary way,
To drown, in sighing, mournful sound,
The dirge of dismal day,
Then softly back lost strains will steal,
From cradle anthems rung,
To drown the woes that sorrows feel,
In songs that mother sung.

And when the ebb of eventide,
Afar across the strand,
Sets out to where the billows ride,
Beyond life's shifting sand,
Then softly back above the roar,
Of mad, mad waters flung,
Oh! back, bring back to me once more
The songs my mother sung.

YOU MAY COUNT THAT DAY

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying deed, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard—
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went—
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,
You've cheered no heart, by yea or nay—
If through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face—
No act most small
That helped some soul and nothing cost—
Then count that day as worse than lost.

—Anonymous.







